VOL. I.—No. 32. MANCHESTER, Saturday, February 27, 1869. Price One Penny.

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CHURCH OPINION.—The *Sphinx* is very good, and also very cheap. It is unlike any periodical we have in London. There is nothing sensational, slangy, or vulgar about it. Its articles are well written, clever, and amusing.

The FAMILY HERALD (Dec. 12) describes the *Sphinx* as "one of those public teachers that are thoughtful enough to have a conviction, and honest and bold enough to express it."

The publication of the *Sphinx* ceases with the present number.

For the convenience of subscribers who wish to complete their sets, the *Sphinx* Office will be open from 12 to 1 o'clock during the ensuing week; or copies may be had, through the post, by addressing the Manager (Mr. SUTTON), *Sphinx* Office, 12, Market-place, Manchester.

A few volumes (price 4s. 6d. each) will be prepared, and orders will be received by the Manager; or by the Publisher, Mr. JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester.

RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
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THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LIBRARY has Removed from 25, Corporation-street, to 3, St. Mary's-gate.—Single Subscription, £1 1s. for newest works, second class 10s. 6d., for two vols., recent works changed at pleasure. Surplus Books for sale at reduced prices.
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17, CROSS STREET,
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ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.

THE OLD SONGS.

[FROM BARNES'S RURAL POEMS.]

Since now, once more beside this mound,
We friends are here below the limes,
Come let us try if we can sound
A song we sang in early times.

When out among the hay in mead,
Or o'er the fields, or down the lane,
Our Jenny's voice would gaily lead
The others, chiming strain by strain.

When roses' buds are all outblown,
The lilies' cups will open white,
When lilies' cups, at last, are flown,
The later pinks unfold to sight.

We learnt good songs that came out new,
But now are old among the young,
And, after we are gone, but few
Will know the songs that we have sung.

So let us sing another rhyme
On this old mound in summer time.

WISE SAWS.

He that needs five thousand pounds to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

When thou dost purpose aught within thy power,
Be sure to do it, though it be but small.

Who fears to do ill, sets himself a task.
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.

Get, to live;
Then live, and use it; else it is not true
That thou hast gotten.

Command thyself in chief, he life's war knows
Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

An American father advertises his four daughters in the papers with a view to marriage. This is a step in advance of the guestion

Mr. Moy Thomas has succeeded Mr. John Hollingshead as dramatic critic to the *Daily News*.

THE THEATRE ROYAL.—We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. Chambers, the indefatigable treasurer and talented librettist of the Theatre Royal, will take his benefit on Monday evening next, the 1st of March. The performance will consist of an adaptation from the French, by Mr. T. W. Robertson, entitled *Returned to Life*, Mr. Arthur Sketchley's impersona ion of the venerable Mrs. Brown, and the introduction to the pantomime. This programme is so certain to secure a full house that we need not advance Mr. Chambers's personal claims to support.

MR. BRIGHT IN HARNESS.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that in replying to a question about Portpatrick lighthouse, Mr. Bright addressed the House for the first time as a Minister. He stood towards the further end of the Treasury b nch, and was loudly cheered by his friends l elow the gangway. Although he read his answer from a slip of paper, his hesitating manner showed that he has not yet acquired the ministerial faculty of glibly repeating sub-official "cram." As soon as he had got it over, he hurried off as if he had had enough of the Treasury bench for one night, and did not return.

ERRATUM.—In the letter of "One of the Audience" published in our last number, page 243, the name Smart should be Stuart.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

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THOMAS WRIGLEY, C.E.
(for a number of years Manager of the late Firm of John Davies and Son, Patent Agents, Manchester), begs to announce that he has commenced business as a Patent Agent and Mechanical Engineer.
N.B.—The Abridgements of Specimens kept at the Office, in order that Inventors may be advised as to the novelty of their inventions.
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Pure Sherries Imported direct by ourselves from Cadiz.

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An Excellent Full-bodied Red Wine, from the South of France, resembling Port, and far superior to any Port to be had at the price.

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This Excellent Sicilian Wine, of Sherry character, only needs to be more known to become a permanent Dinner Wine with the bulk of the people, who cannot afford to give fancy prices for wines for general use.

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ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

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SPRING BEDS

ARE THE CHEAPEST, CLEANEST, SOFTEST,

AND MOST PORTABLE EVER MADE.

SHOULD THE READER DOUBT THIS,

COME AND SEE THEM,

OR SEND FOR DESIGN AND PRICE.

JOHN PARRY,
PATENTEE,
CITY ROAD, MANCHESTER.

THE PATENTEE & SOLE MANUFACTURER of the AMERICAN PRINTED PAPER WINDOW BLINDS has some pleasure in informing his friends, the public, and more especially the ladies, that within, or during three months past, not less than half-a-million of these blinds have been consumed in Yorkshire and the Midland Counties of England. Millions have been sold since they were first patented, in 1864. The White Felted ones are equal in appearance to the purest bleached linen. The Widths of the printed ones are, 38 inches, 43 inches, 50 inches, 54 inches, and 60 inches. The latter are especially suitable for sun blinds for shops. They are made any length, to suit any window. Prices, 38in. 2½d per yard; 43in. 3d. per yard; 50in. 3½d. per yard; 54 in. 4d. per yard; 60in. 4½d. per yard.

Prices for the White Felted Blinds:
For 2 yards long, 38 inches wide....6d. or 3d. per yd.
For 2 yards long, 43 inches wide....7d. or 3½d. per yd.
For 2 yards long, 50 inches wide....8d. or 4d. per yd.
Postage Stamps received for Sample Blinds, which will be sent to any address.

Sold by Paper-hangers in every town in the Kingdom, or from EDMUND GRIME, Patentee,
MOUNT STREET PAPER MILLS, ANCOATS,
Manchester.

MARKET ROW.

[AFTER THE MANNER OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."]

WE were present at the last Concert Hall concert, and we saw Market Row.

A witty Frenchman has said that "a headache is a hatband worn in memory of departed pleasures." Unfortunately this is not invariably true. Sometimes it is the pang of remorse in memory of past disappointments. The morrow's punishment does not seem to be adjusted to any law of compensation. You go out to dinner, and sit between a delightfully unconscientious married woman and a Girl of the Period full of ladylike effrontery. The wines are just delicately flavoured with purity, and the unimaginative English meats are disguised with witty French sauces and German salads full of Geist. The married woman makes love to you, and you make love to the Girl of the Period. The wine seems to get into your tongue without getting into your head. For the time you are no longer the uninteresting grub of daily life. You feel that you are, in a manner, idealizing yourself; that you have temporarily emerged into the brilliant butterfly. Every now and then you are conscious of having made a joke which will serve another time, of having uttered a repartee which you own, with a kind of self-contempt, that you will hoard with your litte capital of sayings. You seem to carry everything before you, and you feel like Count Bismarck in the bosom of his family. Or again, you sit at a dinner party between a grim spinster, with Calvanistic views, on the one side, and on the other an unsuppressed claimant of Female Suffrage with short hair and unfaltering opinions on most subjects. The champagne is not made of the best petroleum, and the edibles are unwholesome without being nice. You feel that the Calvanistic female hates you from religious motives, and that the unenfranchised female despises you because you have a vote. You take the same kind of interest in the conversation that a man would take in his trial if the ceremony of passing the sentence had preceded it. You become seized with a kind of agony of dullness, and, as you smile, the muscles of your face move, as if by galvanism. You seem to be making a greater effort to be stupid than you ever made to be smart. Everything goes wrong. One or the other of your neighbours is sure to have read the very article in the *Quarterly* which is the only bit of serious reading you have done for months; or else they persist in NOT having read the last score of Miss Blank's novels. Now, on the morrow of the first of these occasions, you feel that your headache is only a graceful tribute paid to the pleasures which you mourn. On the morrow of the second you begrudge your headache as you begrudge all evil consequences of past folly. But who shall say of anyone but himself to which category a headache belongs? Who shall say whether it is a piece of crape or a humiliating brand that your neighbour is wearing on his forehead? To us there is a kind of unerring system, a kind of morality in those headaches. The heart knoweth, etc., etc. Do you imagine that Priscilla, during her first season, when her eyes sparkle more than her brilliants, and her coyness is more like coquettry than her coquettry will ever be like coyness,—do you imagine that she ever has the kind of headache that you and we have, my dear sir, after the very same entertainment? It may be that, the next morning, when her maid is brushing out her hair, and her inconstant little mind would be fluttering away to fresh pastures,—it may be that she feels a jolly little pang over her left temple, and that she straight-away returns to the little loveships, the little triumphs, the little partings of the night before. But, good Heavens! it is impossible to believe that she should ever feel what we call seedy—a sensation which is as much like remorse as any a man can feel who is not actually guilty of systematic felony. We say that there is a terrible morality about these headaches; and if, on the to-morrows of life, we could see into the hearts and memories of all the young girls we know,—if, in the exquisite balance of the feelings, we could see which weighed the heavier, pleasure or weariness—we should have little hesitation in deciding which flower we most desired to pluck and wear for ever in our buttonhole: the healthy garden blossom, rocking with laughter in the wind, and not the pampered hot-house flower, shrugging its shoulders, and wrapping its petals closer about it at the first gust of natural air;—the garden blossom which, in the morning, looks at you with a brighter twinkle in its eye, in memory of the evening's storm, and not the artificially full-blown flower, which droops its exhausted head, and looks as if its colour had been washed out.

These are some of the least ill-natured reflections which occurred to us as we joined the procession in Market Row at the last Concer Hall Concert. In that sad kind of jest which is so often sadder reality, it is called Market Row, and the wares are exhibited with all the vulgar display of hungry competition, so that, at the first glance, and only at the first glance, you see the very best of them. The appearance of Joachim was the excuse for an unusually large gathering, and, consequently, of an unusually large exhibition of what, to the shame of the nineteenth century, are called Girls of the Period. There they sat, most of them pale, many of them actually careworn, their appetite for pleasure destroyed by over-indulgence, their eyes tired with the tacit appeal for admiration, their very modesty torn off their shoulders by prurient Fashion. With the cruel patience which is woman's lot, they sit during the fifteen minutes parade, their drapery wrapped about them with studied negligence, or their most sacred charms exposed with all the confidence of the veritable Free Traders they are, while the men walk confusedly past, staring, bowing, exchanging suffocating little sayings, expressing, in their faces, almost every sentiment but that of respect. There were girls so young that it is impossible to say whether they have not yet learnt, or whether they have already forgotten, how to blush; there were girls so old that they had been obliged to hire rouge to blush for them. Young girls of fifteen were there, whose eyes had disappointment already stained in them, who had never been taught self-denial, even as an accomplishment, as charming as any whose little souls had been choked to death with luxury when they were mere babies.

At the conclusion of performances, which have never been excelled, no applause greeted the artists, but here and there a languid patter, as if these people knew how to make their very hands yawn. A selfish extravagance, almost as contemptible as that of their creaking dinner tables, is this hiring of great artists without the taste or the appetite to appreciate them. Indeed, vulgarity is never so vile and so selfish as when it is backed by wealth. The vulgar poor woman may be heartless, she may be wicked, but she cannot afford to assume the virtues which she has not. But the vulgar rich woman can give, in the name of charity, the surplus which is left after all her appetites are destroyed, while the thick carpet beneath her feet seems made to hush the cry of suffering humanity.

What a dreary joke this is of Market Row. A man of healthy

tastes would no more think of going there to choose a wife than a man of moderate means would dream of going to Lamb's to furnish his home. Are these barren creatures such stuff as wives are made of? Could they, with their overtrained desires and their enfeebled appetites, suit themselves to all the possibilities of life? Could they bend with a man's misfortune or stretch themselves to the height of his ambition? Could they lisp noble instincts into the hearts of his children? Could they, in the hour of death, silently preach of the vanities of life? Dull or stupid they are not. But they do not glow with calm, sweet intelligence, they glare with the acuteness of gamblers. All night long they are out-bidding each other for the attention, the curiosity, the stares, and alas! for the sad silent thoughts of the men. They may know little or nothing of the unconscious art of fascinating by a stray tone or gesture, of igniting the dry stubble of which all men's hearts are made, by a swift plaintive blush of centering all the charm of their toilettes in the extra bit of ribbon which looks so needless, and yet so indispensible. But they carry to cruel perfection the exquisite art of confusing chastity and voluptuousness, of covering their ignorance with a slight tarnish of cynicism, of making their faces look a few months younger to inexperienced boys and a few years older to men of the world. They seem to be perpetually denying each other's birthright—the loyal admiration and the respect of good and true men.

THE REV. DR. CRANSWICK.

CHRIST CHURCH, HARPURHEY.

PREACHING is a subject of widely-extended interest. We all hear sermons occasionally, and would hear them more frequently if, as a rule, they were better worth the hearing. But good preachers are rare, both in the Established Church and out of it. The pulpit, which should be a living centre of interest and grand moral power, is, too generally, the rostrum of inanimate dullness or vociferous commonplace. Both the National Church and Nonconformity, it is true, have their men of mark and eminence, who adorn the preacher's office, and illustrate its power; but the general run of preachers, like the conics, are "a feeble folk."

We do Nonconformists, however, simple justice in saying that they generally make the very best use of their pulpit material. Dr. Chalmers, we believe it was, who said of a rigidly orthodox brother that he had "a fine nose for a heresy." Assuredly, our Nonconformist friends have a similar quickness of faculty in scenting-out pulpit "gifts;" and, when discovered, their fortunate possessor is even provided with a public sphere and good reward for their exercise. Dissenters know better than to put *their* lighted candles "under a bushel." But, when the National Church finds herself in possession of a masterly preacher, she appears somewhat at a loss to know what to do with him. If he happen to have distinguished himself at his University, or to enjoy some dignified benefice—unusual combination of good fortune—then the matter is quite simple. The "honours" or the position are understood to justify the exceptional ability, and promotion comes naturally, and honour is abundant. But the preacher, as such, who stands boldly out from, or head and shoulders above, his clerical brethren, simply by his pulpit power, appears to be a kind of "white elephant" in the Church of England.

From all quarters are heard complaints, *ad nauseam*, of pulpit dullness and inefficiency; yet, when preachers are found that can command the public ear, and convey the good tidings of life and peace in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," it is discovered that they are not the men that the ecclesiastical "powers that be" "delight to honour;" they don't find their way to the Church's dignities, and rarely enjoy even the important parochial livings. The earnest and eloquent preachers in the Church of England may generally be found in proprietary chapels, or mission churches, and very occasionally enjoying the mild dignity of an honorary canonry. Who can wonder, therefore, that the art of preaching is so imperfectly developed in the National Church? It is true that preachers of the highest style, like poets, are created, not made; yet even they require fair opportunities and encouragement in order to the ripe growth of their natural powers; but the more careful training and vigorous self-culture, that would be induced by a suitable recognition of pulpit power in the Church, would soon rescue us from that general pulpit dullness which is a ground of just complaint. We are quite aware that a good parish priest requires other qualifications besides that of being an able preacher. He must have skill and personal vigour to organise and energise a sound system of parochial work; and, somehow, there seems to exist the notion that these qualifications are incompatible with each other—that eloquence in the pulpit and on the platform, and energy in the parish, cannot co-exist. Surely that prejudiced misconception should find no place in Manchester, where, so lately, the lamented Hugh Stowell worked with such conspicuous power both on platform, in pulpit, and parish. We are glad to notice, in that quickening of activity that prevails generally through the Church of England at the present time, increased attention is being given, especially by the younger clergy, to the office of preaching, not, we trust, at the expense of pastoral parochial work, but to the increase of pulpit efficiency; and we sincerely hope that those in high places will not fail to recognise and encourage the successful cultivation of one of the grandest agencies appointed by the Great Master for the diffusion of His divine message of mercy.

We have lately heard a good many preachers representing widely dissimilar schools of ecclesiastical and theological thought, but we have heard few by whose discourses we have been more interested, and by whose pulpit powers we have been more impressed, than by those of the Rev. Dr. Cranswick. He is a remarkable preacher, and yet there are no striking peculiarites about his voice, manner, or style; indeed, his less observant hearers would not, perhaps, recognise anything remarkable in him, save that he had enchained their attention and compelled their understanding; but more cultivated and observant listeners cannot fail to be struck with his marked individuality of thought, his earnestness of personal conviction, and the singular lucidity of his preaching. His discourses have a crystalline clearness. Doubtless his skill as a preacher has been acquired by much pains-taking labour; but the art is completely hidden and we see only the ripe result. Dr. Cranswick is manifestly a man of extensive intellectual culture, a good scholar, and a well read divine, and one who has felt deeply and thought earnestly. It is evident in his preaching that he is no stranger to the difficulties of belief that disturb and distress many earnest and inquiring minds, but he has

Fought his doubts and gathered strength,

and having "faced the spectres of mind" and "laid them," has made "a stronger faith his own," and now he strives evidently to strengthen those who are haunted by the ghost of religious doubt. Notwithstanding his vigour and power as a preacher, we would hardly describe Dr. Cranswick as, at any rate, in the highest sense, an orator. He lacks what the French call *abandon*. He is never overtaken by a swift surprise of thought, but is always calm and self-contained. His words and sentences succeed each other with measured and deliberate precision. His action is confined almost exclusively to his arms, which he moves about freely, but is body his kept erect and still. He is never wrapt away from the cultivated plan of his discourse into some grand and unexpected elevation of thought and feeling. He is never overborne by a swift afflatus, making his argument glow with the white heat of intensity, or his thought radiant with a sudden splendour of illustration, as an April landscape when the rifted clouds let the higher glory through. But the arrangement of his discourse is original, his argument cogent, his illustration apt, and the whole tone of his preaching singularly earnest and evangelical.

Dr. Cranswick was, we understand, originally a Wesleyan, and, when a very young man, was sent out to India as a missionary. His health failed, and, after a short time, he returned to England, and for a while he took duty in Wesleyan circuits. Some eight or nine years ago he retired from the ministry of that denomination, and became the principal of a private school. Upwards of a year since he applied to the Bishop of Manchester for admission to Holy Orders, and, though the bishop is extremely cautious in receiving candidates to his examinations for Orders through any but the usual University channels, yet his lordship, as we venture think, most commendably recognising the fact that the grand question is not whence our clergy come, but what they are, at

once admitted Dr. Cranswick, and ordained him to the curacy of Christ Church, Harpurhey, the rector having given him a title, and having taken, we are informed, considerable pains in making arrangements to give Dr. Cranswick a suitable curacy. We must congratulate the rector not only on his discrimination, but also on his courage in selecting such an eloquent co-worker. There are not many incumbents in Manchester, we fear, who dare to have a curate of such conspicuous pulpit abilities. We sincerely wish, however, for the interests of the Church of England, that she were richer in men of the culture and power which distinguish the curate of Harpurhey.

OUR CURATES AND THE LATE ORDINATION.

IT is not often that we take much notice of an ordination. Being blest with a bishop, ordinations follow as matters of course—usually three times a year. In the present state of the Church, it is indeed of greater moment than ever that our episcopal rulers should "lay hands suddenly on no man, but faithfully and wisely make choice of fit persons" to guide the sheep, so many of whose shepherds have taken to the sling rather than the crook, disagreed with one another, and grievously unsettled the flock. But the fitness of priest and deacon must be left to the Bishop, and there is nothing in a list of names to tell us what sort of divines the owners of these said names are likely to turn out. Now and again, indeed, an ordination becomes of vital interest to us; *i.e.*, when our own particular curate is ordained thereat. We attend the Parish Church of, say, St. David's, and have "sat under" the present rector for upwards of a dozen years. During this flattening process—the rector is of portly figure—we have been treated to a fresh curate, on the average, every second year. The biennial change occurs almost as regularly as do the seasons and collections. We welcome the stranger in a state of mild excitement which lasts for a Sunday or two. We indulge in speculations as to what sort of a reader and preacher he will be,—better or worse than his predecessor,—high, low, broad, or a milk-and-watery dilution of the three,—given to croquêt and flirtation, or celibacy and long-tailed coats,—a jolly good fellow or a muff. On the first Sunday there is quite an extra congregation to witness the fledgling come forth, as it were, from the shell. The rector has bowels of compassion. The young man only reads prayers. He distracts our devotions. We are on the look-out for a slight tremulousness, a nervous hesitation, a fault in style or pronunciation. We have a whole stock of pity and sympathy ready for him in case of blunder. We mentally applaud if he only acquits himself decently. And then, besides all this, there is the special curiosity of St. David's female world as to features, figure, dress, whiteness of hands, and general eligibility. There are prospective visions in their tender minds of tea-parties, clothing-club meetings, embroidered braces, dainty slippers,—all sorts of times, ways, and means for fascinating the young man if he turns out "nice." Sometimes he does *not* turn out "nice." Sometimes he is an uncouth monster, awkward as a young bear, and murderously inclined towards the Queen's English. One of our curates talked of "Hisrael in Hegypt," and favoured us with a new ending to the Tenth Commandment:—"Nor his hox nor his hass nor hanything that is 'is." This gentleman ate with his knife, smoked a short clay pipe in the morning (as seen by several pairs of prying eyes from the window opposite his lodgings), and wore black cotton gloves. It is true that he went about a good deal among the poor and sick, and, indeed, seemed to get on remarkably well with the "lower orders;" but then, as a leading female member of our congregation remarked, his talents were "quite of the Methodist-parson stamp," and even we men would have been better pleased if he had only cut his hair and used a nail-brush occasionally. There! prosperity attend him! There were actually some red eyes in the free benches (pleasantly hard and draughty seats they are, too!) when our Bruin preached his farewell sermon, mopping his own eyes, as he did so, with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. He has a church of his own now in a poor district, and a well-filled church it is. The right animals get into the right dens sometimes.

One or two of our curates have been very "nice" indeed. We had one who stood six feet in his stockings, patronised a London tailor, had a beautiful beard and moustache, and wore his hair parted down the middle. He preached affecting sermons (funeral ones especially), shed tears into a scented cambric handkerchief, and wrote verses in the young ladies' albums. Unhappily, he was more than suspected of being "high" in his tendencies. He carried a prayer-book with a cross on the back, and was actually convicted of dating a letter "St. Andrew's Day." Mammas grew wary, and he left us unmarried even as he came, although several curates, not half so "nice," were accommodated with a wife and nice little income a piece, as the result of their two years' sojourn at St. David's.

On one occasion our female world experienced a grievous shock. They were all—young and old—deeply in love with a new curate, a most interesting young creature, who had flaxen hair, and washed out eyes, and no eyebrows to speak of, and delicate little fluffy whiskers which bordered a pair of pink cheeks,—an angelic being so exquisitely nervous that he blushed on the slightest provocation, or on none at all. He had a voice like—not a penny—but a farthing trumpet (if there be such a thing) and got into frightful muddles over the service. "Now Rababbas was a bobber," is one instance which we remember. Moreover he was delicate, and continually laid up in linseed and mustard. This tender youth was all the rage for more than twelve months. Angelina attended his week-day services at 7-30 am.; Sophia took a class in the Sunday-school; Caroline embroidered him a sermon case; Matilda sent him a comforter, worked by her own fair fingers; when—horror of horrors!—the little wretch was found to be engaged already! He had an adored object far away in some distant country, and sent her a closely-written and crossed sheet of sentimentalism once a week. Who shall describe the painful scenes which followed the discovery? Enough! The base deceiver is gone—and done for! He is married.

The arrival of a new curate, therefore, being something like dipping into a "lucky bag," and the result exceedingly uncertain, we have, about once in every two years, a deep interest in the bishop's ordinations. As regards the one held last Sunday, however, our interest, such as it is, proceeds from another source altogether. We have no personal acquaintance with, or interest in, any of the sixteen gentlemen who were ordained, though they will please to accept our best wishes for their success and speedy promotion. Eight of these gentlemen were admitted into the Order of Deacon, and, together with the churches to which they are licensed, are printed the stipends they are severally to receive. We doubt whether it was quite in accordance with good taste to publish these tit-bits of information; but, as in the case of ladies' ages in the new *Peerage*, we accept, read, and comment. Nay, we confess ourselves thankful to the authorities, be they who they may, for their obliging candour. These stipends interest us greatly. First of all, there is one of £20 per annum!

Passing rich on forty pounds a year

is a trifle to this! Is nothing else *found*—we wonder—house, domestics, coals, or candles?—or does the possessor of this huge income simply accept it as a nominal stipend, being one of Fortune's favourites, and possessing already a fat family living, which is being kept warm for him by some unfortunate, who will resign it at a moment's notice? We are waxing indiscreet,—so marvel meekly, and pass on.

Going upwards, we come to one curacy of £90, and three of £100 per annum. Very fair,—very fair, indeed, as curates go!—and especially deacons! A deacon is always, by some recognised fiction, supposed to be of less value to a rector and parish than a priest. "Eighty pounds to a deacon—one hundred to a priest;" this is a very common form of advertisement for a curate. In reality, the distinction is absurd and unjust, considering that new brooms generally sweep the cleanest, and that any curate who is worth his salt learns the routine-work of his profession in a very short time. Money is as necessary to a deacon as to a priest; nay, in a manner, more so, for there are several expenses* attendant on an entrance into the clerical profession which do not occur again. However, the fact remains the same: a curate is generally paid some £20 less during his first two years' service than afterwards. We repeat, therefore, that the above stipends are very fair, considering.

* As for instance, ordination-fees, a stole, or scarf, and almost an entire change of wardrobe.

But, how is this? There are three stipends which we have not yet noticed, and yet we have mounted from £20 to £100. What flight of imagination ever conceived of a deacon receiving more than £100 a year? And yet—and yet imagination, for once, is sober reality. There

are three gentlemen who, this last week, were ordained deacons on a salary, each one of £110 per annum. And, again, we greatly marvel. We do more: we hail the fact—the three facts, we should to say—as an important step in the right direction. If the Church of England is to maintain—nay, to assume—her place as the Church of the nation, she must have even a greater number of well-educated, competent workmen than she at the present possesses; and, although the most gentlemanly and refined workmen are not always the best, still we do like our clergy to be gentlemen, in every sense of the term,—not simply born of gentle blood, but polished, courteous, and well read. To *be* such a workman, implies, as a general rule, a costly education, a college training, and years of unremunerative preparation. To *possess* such a workman, implies paying properly for him, and ought to do so. The Church of England always reminds us of the currant-bread given to children at a tea-party—a few plums, and a great deal of crumbs.

In these days of rich prizes in the Indian Civil Service of open competition for the artillery and engineers, and of many lucrative employments for those who have brains and a college education, who can wonder that many a young man goes from college to Woolwich or India, in preference to starving as a curate, year after year, on gentility and £100 per annum? It is not our province to speak of the spiritual part of the question. There are men, we believe, who would take orders, out of simple love for the work, even if they had to live on bread and water. Well is it for the church that there are such! Assuredly there is little in the loaves and fishes way to tempt any man, with sense in his head and muscle in his arm, to figure in an ordination list.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE COFFEE TABLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—You are, by virtue of your position, the censor of the minor abuses of Manchester life, and if, at any time, these abuses become specially obnoxious, your pages are, I think, a kind of moral pillory wherein they can be punished. In handing over to your tender mercies the gentleman whom I describe above, I seek to gibbet one of these minor nuisances. The Autocrat to whom I refer is of the ancient guild of "mine host," and flourishes in a back street in the neighbourhood of Mosley and Market Streets. To the simple mind it would seem natural that mine host, how despotic soever, would be anxious to render himself, at all events, not more unpleasant than he could help, but the Autocrat is not, it would seem, a man of simple mind. He loves power and having power he loves to show it, sometimes domineering over his chairs and tables to the extent even of chaining them together, and sometimes otherwise manifesting his authority, occasionally to the amusement, and not seldom to the annoyance, of his guests. I had the fortune the other day to be one of these guests, and, having seated myself in one of the manacled chairs aforesaid, I awaited the advent of a chop and coffee I had taken the liberty of ordering—or perhaps I ought to say—of requesting. Not having much eye for the beautiful, the statuary and fountain in the room did not attract me, and having the still greater bad taste of not being content to gaze for ten or fifteen minutes on the Rhadamanthine visage of mine host, the Autocrat, I was betrayed into the awful crime of taking a newspaper from my pocket and beginning to read. This was too much,—an indignity not to be borne. The reading of newspapers is not tolerated in the House of Commons' galleries, and should a despotic monarch tolerate it in his awful presence? Perish the thought and with it the filthy lucre that might tempt less distinguished restaurateurs to be civil. Accordingly I was informed that his highness the Autocrat did not allow reading between twelve o'clock and two. No reason was vouchsafed for the law. The Autocrat was a law, not only to himself, but to his patrons—I beg pardon, dependents. It is to be noted that this prohibition took place not during chop-eating, but during chop-cooking, when there could have been no pretence of delay caused to other customers. There was, of course, nothing to be said. It was a piece of gratuitous insolence, which had simply to be run away from, and equally, of course, the remedy against the chance of its repetition, is plain enough; but, in the meantime, I, as a comparative stranger to Manchester, am, I confess, tempted to ask whether these amenities are usually observed by Manchester refreshment room-keepers; and whether that class of tradesmen are, in this part of the kingdom, accustomed thus to display their independence of, and superiority to, their customers. It may be, perhaps, akin to breaking a fly on the wheel thus to trouble you about such a small matter as the Autocrat's behaviour, but flies are, occasionally, intensely disagreeable creatures.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, CHAPFALLEN.

GIVE YOUR "ORDERS," GENTLEMEN.

WE thought that we had heard of all the "ancient orders" that are to be found "flourishing" in England, but a brief notification that appeared last Saturday in the advertising columns of a daily contemporary taught us a more modest estimate of our editorial omniscience in this particular. "The Ancient Order of Oddfellows" is, of course, familiar to everybody. Oddfellows have pervaded the British Islands time out of mind, and, in a small way, have played the Good Samaritan to a whole population of sick persons, or persons who, having been sick, required the further consolation of Christian burial; or in setting widows and orphans on their legs again after the "distressful stroke" which made them so; or, in some other beneficent way, returning a satisfactory equivalent for an infinitesimal subscription of something a week. (*Vide* a hundred articles by the Editor of the *Oddfellows' Magazine.*)

Then there is the "Ancient Order of Druids." We don't quite know what a Druid happens to be. That is to say, we should have a difficulty in defining him with scientific precision. We understand that he resembles the ancient Oddfellow in the matter of keeping an eye on the weather of life and providing for a rainy day. The rainy day meaning, for instance, a spell of zymotic disorder; a small transaction with the undertaker; or, say, a little up and down fighting with adversity in general. "The Ancient Order of Foresters" is another ancient order, a procession of which occasionally makes the public acquainted with its original views in the matter of ornamental costume. We may presume that bold Robin Hood, who, as the ballad observes, "was a forester good, as ever drew bow in the merry greenwood," set the fashion in the article of attire to the "forester" of the Victoria era. Bows and arrows (except at delicious archery meetings) are a little obsolete, perhaps, in the days of the Snider rifle, but, after all, life would be a very hum-drum sort of business if a little innocent masquerading were too strictly prohibited. A certain allowance of amateur acting is almost a necessary of life with many of us, and it almost relieves the monotony of existence to witness, once a year or so (in Whit-week perhaps), orderly rows of our fellow-countrymen clad in a kind of green "Cheadleswinger," and, so to speak, paving their way after the big drum and Rule Britannia. Moreover, it is always worth a mug of the choicest malt-liquor to watch, on these occasions, that never absent standard-bearer, who somehow seems always to come from Stalybridge, and who, being short and obese, and not troubled with more wind than is good for him, gasps and staggers about under the ponderous thing of beauty known as a banner, with the utmost cheerfulness. The beholder perceives that to bear this beauteous burthen is a labour of pardonable pride on the part of that perspiring and too plethoric ensign, and that, when the great flag appears to be getting the better of him, by means of a drunken lurch or two he recovers his imperilled balance with a dexterity which is a sight to see.

But, wherefore, do we linger over the exploits of ancient orders, known to everybody? In sooth, thinking for a moment of these bewildering but excellent confraternities, we were loth to leave them without a passing and kindly, if somewhat unseasonable, salutation. Were it our cue to marshall them all before the judicious reader's vision should we not speak of the "Ancient Order of Rechabites?" It is not every one who knows all about that mystic and abstemious brotherhood. The Rechabite is a kind of romantic teetotaller in search of the picturesque. The apartment in which he assembles for the transaction of business is called "a Tent," and in many other respects he adopts the Scriptural peculiarities of "the sons of Rechab." Oddfellows, Druids, Foresters, Rechabites, all have an excellent reason for the charitable faith that is in them; and through all the gay disguises in which it is their eccentric pleasure to invite other people to do likewise, the central object of them all is to do something (much or little) to maintain "the glorious privilege of being independent."

But where, O! much-esteemed Scribleras, is thy discovery of an ancient order which is not ancient? Where is the peg on which thy too-discursive fancy has elected to suspend these casual and erratic observations? Good reader, accept the reward of patience. The newspaper notification, which has served as a small text for these timid sallies of our fancy, is as follows:—

"ANCIENT ORDER OF CORKS, QUEEN'S LODGE.—The Annual Supper, in connection with the above Lodge, at Brother Aldhouses, on Wednesday, &c."

But why the ancient order of "Corks?" Is it a peculiar way of summoning persons, who are natives of the "beautiful City of Cork," to an annual solemnity? We have musical authority for believing that the sister island could furnish forth a supper to which any of us would rejoice to be bidden. For, saith the ballad,

> Potatoes grow in Limerick,
> And beef at Ballymore,
> And buttermilk is beautiful—but that you knew before.

But if the Cork people in Manchester did not sup on Wednesday, who did? Have they been *drawn* by an artist? Order of Corks? Is it a new mode of bottling a voter referred to, thus mysteriously to evade Justice Blackburn or Baron Martin? Are the members addicted to rhodomontade and in the habit of telling each other what has been vulgarly called "A Corker?" Order of Corks! Order of Corkscrews! We have it! It is a convivial meeting of waiters poetically typified as "corks," and the "corks" will combine business and pleasure by discussing the best way to circumvent such of their customers as happen to be equally customers and screws.

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE.

[Mr. Thackeray is the author of the following translation of one of Beranger's poems. Though somewhat free, the version faithfully preserves the spirit and fire of the original. We believe it is not to be found in any collection of Mr. Thackeray's acknowledged writings:—]

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where in my youth I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song;
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun,
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all;
She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes:
Behold how roguishly she pins her shawl
A across her narrow casement, curtain-wise;
And by the bed her petticoat glides down,
And when did woman look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
A distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here;
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

REMINISCENCES OF THE STAGE
IN MANCHESTER.
V.—THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

AS the Queen's Theatre is to be pulled down within a few weeks, the time is not inappropriate to devote a chapter of these reminiscences to this, the oldest place of dramatic entertainment in the city. Notwithstanding the numerous vicissitudes of the theatre in Spring Gardens and York Street, and its declining condition during the last years of its existence, accompanied by a final flickering up of a few weeks of prosperity before its dissolution, it is not without regret that we part from a stage associated with the magnates of former times. The boards are rich with traditions of the stately Kemble, the majestic Siddons, the fiery Kean, the elder and younger Mathews, Young, Cooke, Macready, Vandenhoff, Liston, Vestris and other bye-gone celebrities. The aspect of the theatre in these later days gives us but a faint idea of what it was in its hey-day of prosperity. It seems to have had as many ups and downs as the players themselves are proverbial for. Sometimes, in the course of its career, it has been devoted to the legitimate drama supported by stars of the first brilliancy. At other times it has been given up to melodrama, sensational pieces, and the *ménage* of the circus, and anon it has degenerated into little better than a penny "gaff," relying for support upon the three-penny-bits of the gallery.

We shall miss the old white building with its annual Whitsuntide coating of fresh paint, and as we turn out of King Street, by the corner of the Manchester and County Bank, Limited, our eyes will no longer encounter Mr. John Coleman's huge posters representing the throne, the dungeon, and the scaffold, with the grim headsman, axe in hand and mask on face, awaiting the victim. Gone are the wood-cuts of the broken bridges, the horrid chasm, and the bottomless abyss down which blood-thirsty ravishers are hurled, and whence maidens with long streaming back-hair make miraculous escapes. No longer shall our eyes be feasted with the portraits of those sagacious quadrupeds, the dogs of Montargis and the Forest of Bondy, scenting out guilty murderers and pinning them by the throat; nor shall we behold the familiar and burly form of Mr. F. B. Egan as Hawkshaw, the detective, and the amiable Bill Sykes. Yet another week and the effigies of the grinning clown, the shuffling pantaloon, and the tight little columbine shall have vanished from Spring Gardens and York Street for ever. Even our shady-looking friends, the players, with their shaven cheeks and blue beards, will disappear from the corner of the Concert Tavern and their places shall know them no more.

Before the old Theatre Royal in Fountain-street was built in 1807, the establishment in Spring Gardens was the Patent Theatre. It was built and opened in 1775, the Bishop of London having opposed the bill for its erection on the ground that Manchester was a manufacturing town, and the Earl of Carlisle having supported it because the same place was the "seat of Methodism." It was burnt down in 1789, and the present building rebuilt and opened in 1790. Referring to a few old playbills of the last century, to which we have had access, we find that a very excellent class of entertainment was provided at the then Theatre Royal, Spring Gardens. During the season 1779-1780, the plays performed appear to have been *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, and the like, and it furnishes curious grounds for reflection and contemplation to think that the entertainments afforded at the Manchester theatre, one hundred years since, were identical with the best class of performances which are presented at the present day. Considering what a small place Manchester was in those days, one is disposed to wonder where the audience came from. As a local illustra-

are three gentlemen who, this last week, were ordained deacons on a salary, each one of £110 per annum. And, again, we greatly marvel. We do more: we hail the fact—the three facts, we should to say—as an important step in the right direction. If the Church of England is to maintain—nay, to assume—her place as the Church of the nation, she must have even a greater number of well-educated, competent workmen than she at the present possesses; and, although the most gentlemanly and refined workmen are not always the best, still we do like our clergy to be gentlemen, in every sense of the term,—not simply born of gentle blood, but polished, courteous, and well read. To *be* such a workman, implies, as a general rule, a costly education, a college training, and years of unremunerative preparation. To *possess* such a workman, implies paying properly for him, and ought to do so. The Church of England always reminds us of the currant-bread given to children at a tea-party—a few plums, and a great deal of crumbs.

In these days of rich prizes in the Indian Civil Service of open competition for the artillery and engineers, and of many lucrative employments for those who have brains and a college education, who can wonder that many a young man goes from college to Woolwich or India, in preference to starving as a curate, year after year, on gentility and £100 per annum? It is not our province to speak of the spiritual part of the question. There are men, we believe, who would take orders, out of simple love for the work, even if they had to live on bread and water. Well is it for the church that there are such! Assuredly there is little in the loaves and fishes way to tempt any man, with sense in his head and muscle in his arm, to figure in an ordination list.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE COFFEE TABLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—You are, by virtue of your position, the censor of the minor abuses of Manchester life, and if, at any time, these abuses become specially obnoxious, your pages are, I think, a kind of moral pillory wherein they can be punished. In handing over to your tender mercies the gentleman whom I describe above, I seek to gibbet one of these minor nuisances. The Autocrat to whom I refer is of the ancient guild of "mine host," and flourishes in a back street in the neighbourhood of Mosley and Market Streets. To the simple mind it would seem natural that mine host, how despotic soever, would be anxious to render himself, at all events, not more unpleasant than he could help, but the Autocrat is not, it would seem, a man of simple mind. He loves power and having power he loves to show it, sometimes domineering over his chairs and tables to the extent even of chaining them together, and sometimes otherwise manifesting his authority, occasionally to the amusement, and not seldom to the annoyance, of his guests. I had the fortune the other day to be one of these guests, and, having seated myself in one of the manacled chairs aforesaid, I awaited the advent of a chop and coffee I had taken the liberty of ordering—or perhaps I ought to say—of requesting. Not having much eye for the beautiful, the statuary and fountain in the room did not attract me, and having the still greater bad taste of not being content to gaze for ten or fifteen minutes on the Rhadamanthine visage of mine host, the Autocrat, I was betrayed into the awful crime of taking a newspaper from my pocket and beginning to read. This was too much,—an indignity not to be borne. The reading of newspapers is not tolerated in the House of Commons' galleries, and should a despotic monarch tolerate it in his awful presence? Perish the thought and with it the filthy lucre that might tempt less distinguished restaurateurs to be civil. Accordingly I was informed that his highness the Autocrat did not allow reading between twelve o'clock and two. No reason was vouchsafed for the law. The Autocrat was a law, not only to himself, but to his patrons—I beg pardon, dependents. It is to be noted that this prohibition took place not during chop-eating, but during chop-cooking, when there could have been no pretence of delay caused to other customers. There was, of course, nothing to be said. It was a piece of gratuitous insolence, which had simply to be run away from, and equally, of course, the remedy against the chance of its repetition, is plain enough; but, in the meantime, I, as a comparative stranger to Manchester, am, I confess, tempted to ask whether these amenities are usually observed by Manchester refreshment room-keepers; and whether that class of tradesmen are, in this part of the kingdom, accustomed thus to display their independence of, and superiority to, their customers. It may be, perhaps, akin to breaking a fly on the wheel thus to trouble you about such a small matter as the Autocrat's behaviour, but flies are, occasionally, intensely disagreeable creatures.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, CHAPFALLEN.

GIVE YOUR "ORDERS," GENTLEMEN.

WE thought that we had heard of all the "ancient orders" that are to be found "flourishing" in England, but a brief notification that appeared last Saturday in the advertising columns of a daily contemporary taught us a more modest estimate of our editorial omniscience in this particular. "The Ancient Order of Oddfellows" is, of course, familiar to everybody. Oddfellows have pervaded the British Islands time out of mind, and, in a small way, have played the Good Samaritan to a whole population of sick persons, or persons who, having been sick, required the further consolation of Christian burial; or in setting widows and orphans on their legs again after the "distressful stroke" which made them so; or, in some other beneficent way, returning a satisfactory equivalent for an infinitesimal subscription of something a week. (*Vide* a hundred articles by the Editor of the *Oddfellows' Magazine.*)

Then there is the "Ancient Order of Druids." We don't quite know what a Druid happens to be. That is to say, we should have a difficulty in defining him with scientific precision. We understand that he resembles the ancient Oddfellow in the matter of keeping an eye on the weather of life and providing for a rainy day. The rainy day meaning, for instance, a spell of zymotic disorder; a small transaction with the undertaker; or, say, a little up and down fighting with adversity in general. "The Ancient Order of Foresters" is another ancient order, a procession of which occasionally makes the public acquainted with its original views in the matter of ornamental costume. We may presume that bold Robin Hood, who, as the ballad observes, "was a forester good, as ever drew bow in the merry greenwood," set the fashion in the article of attire to the "forester" of the Victoria era. Bows and arrows (except at delicious archery meetings) are a little obsolete, perhaps, in the days of the Snider rifle, but, after all, life would be a very hum-drum sort of business if a little innocent masquerading were too strictly prohibited. A certain allowance of amateur acting is almost a necessary of life with many of us, and it almost relieves the monotony of existence to witness, once a year or so (in Whit-week perhaps), orderly rows of our fellow-countrymen clad in a kind of green "Cheadleswinger," and, so to speak, paving their way after the big drum and Rule Britannia. Moreover, it is always worth a mug of the choicest malt-liquor to watch, on these occasions, that never absent standard-bearer, who somehow seems always to come from Stalybridge, and who, being short and obese, and not troubled with more wind than is good for him, gasps and staggers about under the ponderous thing of beauty known as a banner, with the utmost cheerfulness. The beholder perceives that to bear this beauteous burthen is a labour of pardonable pride on the part of that perspiring and too plethoric ensign, and that, when the great flag appears to be getting the better of him, by means of a drunken lurch or two he recovers his imperilled balance with a dexterity which is a sight to see.

But, wherefore, do we linger over the exploits of ancient orders, known to everybody? In sooth, thinking for a moment of these bewildering but excellent confraternities, we were loth to leave them without a passing and kindly, if somewhat unseasonable, salutation. Were it our cue to marshall them all before the judicious reader's vision should we not speak of the "Ancient Order of Rechabites?" It is not every one who knows all about that mystic and abstemious brotherhood. The Rechabite is a kind of romantic teetotaller in search of the picturesque. The apartment in which he assembles for the transaction of business is called "a Tent," and in many other respects he adopts the Scriptural peculiarities of "the sons of Rechab." Oddfellows, Druids, Foresters, Rechabites, all have an excellent reason for the charitable faith that is in them; and through all the gay disguises in which it is their eccentric pleasure to invite other people to do likewise, the central object of them all is to do something (much or little) to maintain "the glorious privilege of being independent."

But where, O! much-esteemed Scribleras, is thy discovery of an ancient order which is not ancient? Where is the peg on which thy too-discursive fancy has elected to suspend these casual and erratic observations? Good reader, accept the reward of patience. The newspaper notification, which has served as a small text for these timid sallies of our fancy, is as follows:—

"ANCIENT ORDER OF CORKS, QUEEN'S LODGE.—The Annual Supper, in connection with the above Lodge, at Brother Aldhouses, on Wednesday, &c."

But why the ancient order of "Corks?" Is it a peculiar way of summoning persons, who are natives of the "beautiful City of Cork," to an annual solemnity? We have musical authority for believing that the sister island could furnish forth a supper to which any of us would rejoice to be bidden. For, saith the ballad,

> Potatoes grow in Limerick,
> And beef at Ballymore,
> And buttermilk is beautiful—but that you knew before.

But if the Cork people in Manchester did not sup on Wednesday, who did? Have they been *drawn* by an artist? Order of Corks? Is it a new mode of bottling a voter referred to, thus mysteriously to evade Justice Blackburn or Baron Martin? Are the members addicted to rhodomontade and in the habit of telling each other what has been vulgarly called "A Corker?" Order of Corks! Order of Corkscrews! We have it! It is a convivial meeting of waiters poetically typified as "corks," and the "corks" will combine business and pleasure by discussing the best way to circumvent such of their customers as happen to be equally customers and screws.

WHEN I WAS TWENTY-ONE.

[Mr. Thackeray is the author of the following translation of one of Beranger's poems. Though somewhat free, the version faithfully preserves the spirit and fire of the original. We believe it is not to be found in any collection of Mr. Thackeray's acknowledged writings:—]

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where in my youth I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song;
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun,
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

And see my little Jessy, first of all;
She comes with pouting lips and sparkling eyes:
Behold how roguishly she pins her shawl
Across her narrow casement, curtain-wise;
And by the bed her petticoat glides down,
And when did woman look the worse in none?
I have heard since who paid for many a gown,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
A distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here;
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

REMINISCENCES OF THE STAGE
IN MANCHESTER.

V.—THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

As the Queen's Theatre is to be pulled down within a few weeks, the time is not inappropriate to devote a chapter of these reminiscences to this, the oldest place of dramatic entertainment in the city. Notwithstanding the numerous vicissitudes of the theatre in Spring Gardens and York Street, and its declining condition during the last years of its existence, accompanied by a final flickering up of a few weeks of prosperity before its dissolution, it is not without regret that we part from a stage associated with the magnates of former times. The boards are rich with traditions of the stately Kemble, the majestic Siddons, the fiery Kean, the elder and younger Mathews, Young, Cooke, Macready, Vandenhoff, Liston, Vestris and other bye-gone celebrities. The aspect of the theatre in these later days gives us but a faint idea of what it was in its hey-day of prosperity. It seems to have had as many ups and downs as the players themselves are proverbial for. Sometimes, in the course of its career, it has been devoted to the legitimate drama supported by stars of the first brilliancy. At other times it has been given up to melodrama, sensational pieces, and the *ménage* of the circus, and anon it has degenerated into little better than a penny "gaff," relying for support upon the three-penny-bits of the gallery.

We shall miss the old white building with its annual Whitsuntide coating of fresh paint, and as we turn out of King Street, by the corner of the Manchester and County Bank, Limited, our eyes will no longer encounter Mr. John Coleman's huge posters representing the throne, the dungeon, and the scaffold, with the grim headsman, axe in hand and mask on face, awaiting the victim. Gone are the wood-cuts of the broken bridges, the horrid chasm, and the bottomless abyss down which bloodthirsty ravishers are hurled, and whence maidens with long streaming back-hair make miraculous escapes. No longer shall our eyes be feasted with the portraits of those sagacious quadrupeds, the dogs of Montargis and the Forest of Bondy, scenting out guilty murderers and pinning them by the throat; nor shall we behold the familiar and burly form of Mr. F. B. Egan as Hawkshaw, the detective, and the amiable Bill Sykes. Yet another week and the effigies of the grinning clown, the shuffling pantaloon, and the tight little columbine shall have vanished from Spring Gardens and York Street for ever. Even our shady-looking friends, the players, with their shaven cheeks and blue beards, will disappear from the corner of the Concert Tavern and their places shall know them no more.

Before the old Theatre Royal in Fountain-street was built in 1807, the establishment in Spring Gardens was the Patent Theatre. It was built and opened in 1775, the Bishop of London having opposed the bill for its erection on the ground that Manchester was a manufacturing town, and the Earl of Carlisle having supported it because the same place was the "seat of Methodism." It was burnt down in 1789, and the present building rebuilt and opened in 1790. Referring to a few old playbills of the last century, to which we have had access, we find that a very excellent class of entertainment was provided at the then Theatre Royal, Spring Gardens. During the season 1779-1780, the plays performed appear to have been *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, and the like, and it furnishes curious grounds for reflection and contemplation to think that the entertainments afforded at the Manchester theatre, one hundred years since, were identical with the best class of performances which are presented at the present day. Considering what a small place Manchester was in those days, one is disposed to wonder where the audience came from. As a local illustra-

tion of the change which has taken place, we find it recorded that in the year 1782 a panic was created in Manchester by the circumstance of 7,012 bags of cotton having been imported between the months of December and April—that is, less than one day's sale in Liverpool at the present time; and yet Manchester had a Theatre Royal where the standard plays of the present day were performed. As the leading families of the town lived in Byrom-street, Quay-street, King-street, and the neighbourhood, and the doors opened at five o'clock, we can fancy the ladies and gentlemen of the town strolling into Spring Gardens after an early dinner, and as there were no hackney coaches, and probably not six family carriages in the place, and no gas, we imagine the ladies were conveyed home in sedan chairs when the weather was unfavourable. From the batch of old play-bills before us let us take one at random. Here it is, in an abridged form, for brevity's sake :—

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.
For the benefit of Mr. West.
On Friday, November 27, 1778,
Will be presented a Comedy called
THE RIVALS.

Captain Absolute.....Mr. Powell. Sir Anthony.....Mr. Follett.
Acres....Mr Connor. Fag....Mr. Bates. David....Mr. Hollingsworth.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....Mr. Platt. Falkland.....Mr. Warde.
Lydia Languish....Mrs. Kniveston. Mrs. Malaprop....Mrs. Simons.
Lucy.....Mrs. Watson. Julia.....Mrs. Warde.

And (for this night only) a variety of Entertainments and Dancing between the Acts. At the end of the Comedy a new Comic Dance called
THE HUMOURS OF KERSAL MOOR RACES, OR THURSDAY'S SPORT,
Being a representation of the Maiden Plate, then run for by the favourite horses. The list of the running horses to be delivered by
A PERSON RIDING ON AN ASS.
Miss West, as Columbine, will appear in a Harlequin's dress and jump through a Hat Box, Six feet high.
Tickets and places to be had of Mr. West, at Mr. Phithian's, The Exchange Coffee House; of Mr. Connor, The Three Tun's Tavern, Smithy Door; at the Theatre, and of J. Harrop, printer.
Doors open at 5, begin precisely at 6. Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

From this document we gain some interesting information. We learn that our forefathers relished Sheridan's wit, as we do now; that Columbine was a favourite then, as now; that she could jump through a hat-box six feet high, an accomplishment which she seems in later years to have delegated to her spangled friend, Harlequin; that there were races on Kersal Moor; and that the Three Tuns Tavern, Smithy Door, was in existence ninety years since. As we look over this old yellow relic of the past, we confess that a feeling of sadness comes over us. Strange thoughts, conjectures, and doubts arise within us, whether, in the tremendous material advance which has taken place during the last century, we are morally and intellectually much further on. Certainly, our forefathers, if they erred in other respects, led more frugal and simple lives. Probably, the good folks in Byrom-street, of whom we read that they dined early, and went to prayers in the afternoon at the Old Church, were fully as comfortable as the dwellers in Whalley Range, Alderly, and Bowdon of the present day. Of the players in the *Rivals*, at Mr. West's benefit, and of the audience then present, is there one link, recollection, or memento left? "Out, out brief candle; life's but a walking shadow—a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more. Where be your gibes now?" Stay! Between this old, faded bill of ninety years since and the present day, there are still links existing. Is there not yet alive the heiress of the Byroms, of Byrom-street—the public benefactress, the builder of churches, the dispenser of charities, the Angela Burdett—Coutts, of Lancashire—Miss Atherton, of Quay-street and Kersal Cell! Neither are the players unrepresented. Warde, who appears to have been the Falkland of the evening mentioned above, afterwards became manager of the new theatre. Two of his daughters married Manchester gentlemen of good position, some of whose descendants were possessed of great personal attractions. They left a numerous progeny, who have replenished the earth in these parts to some purpose; and numerous great, great grandchildren of Warde, the tragedian, abound.

Coming down to later times, we find the Queen's Theatre passing through many vicissitudes—sometimes its resources reduced to the lowest ebb, and then starting off again on a career of prosperity. About our first personal recollection of it was Mr. W. J. Hammond and Miss Daly performing in burlesques of *Othello* and *The Lady of Lyons*. "Clod Millnot," a bellows-mender, and "Polly Chapel," for the haughty Pauline, were not very brilliant specimens of burlesque, but they were quite as good as some of the present day; and Othello, as a nigger, burlesquing the handkerchief scene with a huge towel, was comical enough. Frequently the theatre was given up to Pablo Fanque, the mulatto equestrian; and Ben Caunt, the pugilist, and Freeman, the American giant, appeared in the old piece, *Tom and Jerry*, and punched each other's heads with the gloves on, until they literally gasped for breath, both, we presume, being out of condition. Occasionally, such stars as Madame Celeste, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Buckstone appeared, with more or less success; and one evening, at nine o'clock, when Mrs. Fitzwilliam improvised a verse in her song of "Rosin the Beau," and informed the audience that Faugh-a-ballagh had won the St. Leger, it was considered that the information had come from Doncaster very rapidly indeed. For many years the leading actor of the Queen's Theatre was Mr. George Preston, who, at one time, had a very loud voice, and was a tremendous favourite with the gods. Mr. Preston divided his time between keeping a tavern in Spear-street, Oldham-street, and wearing the sock and buskin at the Queen's. During the later years of his life his voice was husky, and his appearance as a noble Roman was anything but imposing. We remember seeing him perform Appius Claudius to Vandenhoff's Virginius; and it was with a feeling of relief that we saw the lattergive the tyrant his *quietus* by, garrotting him in the dungeon.

When the star system wasabolished by Roxby, at the Theatre Royal, Mr. John Sloan, the manager of the Queen's, availed himself of the opportunity to engage eminent London actors, and a period of comparative prosperity set in; but the house was too small to admit of large profits when large salaries had to be paid, and very little was often left to the manager. The burning of the Theatre Royal gave a further impetus to the fortunes of the house, and encouraged the manager to cater liberally for the public. When the new Theatre Royal was opened in Peter-street, Mr. Sloan got his license renewed, after three months' interval, which was devoted to altering and improving the building. The stage and pit were lowered, and the latter enlarged, by extending it under the dress-circle. The manager inaugurated a fierce opposition to the new theatre, and eventually compelled it to return to the engagement of stars. Mr. Sloan, during one season, engaged most of the leading talent in the metropolis. Miss Ellen Faucit made her first appearance in Manchester, supported by G. V. Brooke, and that old favourite, "Jim Browne." Macready fulfilled an engagement, accompanied by Ryder. Miss Cushman and her sister appeared as Romeo and Juliet—the performance of the former being one of startling force and originality. After these engagements Fanny Cerito, Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, Mr. W. Farren, James Wallack, Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff, Forrest, the American tragedian; Mr. W. Harrison, the tenor; Miss Romer, and others, appeared in rapid succession, and attracted large audiences, although, probably, most of the receipts were swallowed up by the expenses.

Mr. F. B. Egan succeeded Mr. Sloan as lessee, and until quite recently had the sole management of the theatre for many years. The chief feature of Mr. Egan's management was his engage-

ment of the Haymarket Company for several successive seasons. Mr. Egan made the experiment at first by playing the company without either Mr. Buckstone or Mr. Sothern, and the performances were most successful, and did much to raise the reputation of the theatre. During these performances many playgoers entered the little theatre for the first time in their lives. The chief attractions of the Haymarket company's performances were the finished acting of Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Compton's whimsicalities, and the dashing impersonations of Mr. W. Farren. It was here, also, that the late Miss Nelly Moore made her reappearance on the Manchester stage as a member of the Haymarket company, and the advance which she had made in her profession during the short interval which had elapsed since she had left Manchester, was very striking. Subsequently Mr. Buckstone appeared with the rest of his company. The removal of the Haymarket actors to the Theatre Royal on their annual visit was a great loss to Mr. Egan, and the erection of the Prince's Theatre a few years since was another blow to the fortunes of the Queen's. We understand that, before it is pulled down, the theatre will be placed at Mr. Egan's disposal for two or three nights, and as a liberal manager, and one who has always kept faith with the public, we hope that they will rally round him on the occasion, so that he may have no reason to say with Amiens, "Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, thou dost not bite so nigh as *benefits* forgot." Then, prompter, ring down the curtain. Put out the light—the rest is silence!

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

Over the mountains at will we wander,
Where the air is as wine, and we drink our fills,
Upon peaks more near to the sun, and grander
Than towns in vallies or towers on hills.

The bowery champaign, that rolls beneath us
Its rivers, is loud with cattle and men;
But no more we hear them, where vapours wreathe us,
Than we hear the bees we have left in the glen.

Where the rocks by torrents are rent asunder;
Where the clouds by peaks are together drawn;
Where the sun is strongest, above the thunder,
With a slower eve and a swifter dawn;

Where the eagle yells, and no other voice is,
Except of the waters rushing down;
Here the step is free, and the soul rejoices
With the cloud and the fern betwixt it and the town.

Better hill-swamps, white with the woolly rushes,
Than flower-o'ertwined false fair eyes;
Better plovers wailing around gorse bushes,
Than truthful tears or than smiling lies!

With his waterfalls, where the mountain shelveth,
He laugheth aye; but man, on the plain,
Laughs, with hands that rest on his spade that delveth,
Then, sadder, goes to his work again.

Where heaven is nearer is less of sorrow;
We die in the valleys before our death,
But revive, if, with lighter steps, we borrow
On the hills of summer the morning's breath.

THE TOWN CLERK'S PORTRAIT.

A paragraph in the *City News* informs us that the commission for the portrait of Mr. Joseph Heron, the Town Clerk, has been entrusted to Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A. We are sorry to hear it. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the result will only be another of those disappointing effigies for which the City Portrait Gallery is already too famous.

A RESTLESS GHOST.—The Spirit that comes from the Vaults daily.

A CHILD'S SONG.

Little Flossy idly sitting,
'Neath the shady willows,
Watching little minnows dart
Through the dusky shallows.

Little Flossy sweetly singing
To the great broad river,
As it seaward floweth grandly,
Sweeping past for ever.

Little Flossy busy wreathing
Wild flowers from the meadows,
Training coronals round a brow
Never dimmed by shadows.

Little Flossy softly sleeping
On the snow-white pillows,
Ever in her dreams is sitting
Underneath the willows.

Happy Flossy, go on dreaming
What you ne'er can tell us,
Playful as the fish that dart
Through the dusky shallows.

AMONG THE SPIRITUALISTS.

WHAT is spirit? Seeking the solution to this profound problem we found ourselves the other evening in the assembly-room of the Free Trade Hall, to hear a lecture from a lady spiritualist who had chosen this title for her discourse. Respecting the nature and existence of spirit the world has been guessing ever since it had the power to guess, and seems destined to go on doing so without any more satisfactory answer to the query than the punning one that *'tis no matter*. The ancient Sphinx would hardly have been cruel enough to propound such an enigma to the unlucky Bœotians, or it would certainly have been the death of them. But whatever doubts we might have had previous to going, there were certain circumstances connected with this lady and her subject that aroused curiosity. Mrs. Emma Hardinge is an educated English lady, and was the adopted daughter of Sir John Franklin. She is said to be a spiritual medium, and her discourses are believed to be inspired. Before delivering them she has solitary communion with the spirits. Under these conditions it was, therefore, not unreasonable to expect some new light to be shed upon the inscrutable mystery. With dignified, ladylike grace the lecturer presented herself to the audience, and at once plunged into her subject. That she possesses a highly cultivated mind and brilliant powers of oratory there can be no question. In glowing language she traced the forms of life from the primal cells to the complex wonders, physical and mental, of the human frame. Acknowledging her inability to step beyond the infinite and say what was the primal force which, by producing the correlation of forces, built up the complex phenomena of matter, she maintained that she was justified in regarding the unknown force as spirit. She denounced the materialistic tendency of modern scientific deductions, declaring that it was the mission of spiritualism to save men from becoming materialists. As we listened to this eloquent pleading for this existence of spirit and a spirit world, and the avowed belief that it was given her by the spirits to stem the advancing tide of materialism, we were reminded of another lady philosopher who discoursed in the Museum of Alexandria fourteen hundred years ago. In the fifth century of the Christian era, when the new teaching of Christianity was struggling with the old mythology and the philosophy allied thereto, among the last of the philosophers who fought against the new faith was Hypatia. Those who have read Mr. Kingsley's novel, founded upon some incidents in her life, will be familiar with the character. Of course we do not set up Mrs. Hardinge as a modern Hypatia; the comparison ends with the similarity of belief and purpose, and the mode of carrying them out. Hypatia had her trances and visions, her communion with the gods before her lectures. Mrs. Hardinge also gets her inspiration in a similar manner from the spirits. The purpose of the one was to prevent Christianity destroying Paganism; the purpose of the other is to prevent materialism destroying Christianity.

But in spite of her eloquence and impassioned rhapsodies, that carried the sympathising portion of her audience along with her, we are bound to confess the lecturer left her question unanswered. It may be logical to maintain that if her hearers were unable to define the nature of matter, it was too much to ask her to explain the mysteries of spirit; but it is hardly fair to gather an audience together to hear a discourse on the question, What is Spirit? and then to escape the answer by pitting one difficulty against another. This inconsistency was recognised and remarked upon by some of the sceptical in the audience. Being questioned regarding the phenomena of spirit manifestations and their utility, she stated that spirits could not only tell what had been, but could forecast events; whereupon one individual suggested that they should direct their powers to some good purpose by foretelling the possibility of war or pestilence. This suggestion, we take it, is a good one, and if acted upon may lead to the establishment of oracles like that of Delphi, where we may once more

Hear ancestral voices prophesying war.

Sufficient ridicule has been heaped upon the devoted heads of the spiritualists, and, as the sensible among them ask and seek for investigation into the phenomena of their manifestations, it is only courteous to regard with seriousness a belief which seems to be held by many with such desperate earnestness. We have met with individuals whose honesty we have no reason to question, and whose judgment in other matters we have no cause to doubt, who have assured us that they have experienced strange movements of their furniture, and have received messages from spirits in raps upon their table. Moreover, we have been favoured with admission to seances here in Manchester, and have witnessed some singular manifestations, though we are by no means disposed to attribute them to spiritual causes.

Spirit circles are formed by the union of hands around a table, upon which writing materials and a card, containing the alphabet and numbers, are placed. The gas is turned low, until the jets cast a dim, uncertain light, favourable to ghostly thoughts. To render the exercise still more impressive, if the manifestations do not commence at once, a hymn is sung. Conversation, if at all indulged in, is carried on in serious and subdued tones. To a sceptical on-looker this waiting for the spirit is a scene singular enough, and calculated to provoke a smile, if those engaged in it were not so serious. Equally singular is the motley character of those who sometimes form the circle. We have seen, sitting side by side, men of various shades of religious belief, down to a materialist, with no belief in Christianity at all; we have seen a poet, a man of medicine, and men of business, joining hands in this mystic bond—men whose intelligence made it a matter of surprise that they should be seen meeting for such purposes.

Spiritual manifestations are of a varied kind, and are said to be regulated by a law of development. The physiscal phenomena of table-turning, table-lifting, and spirit-wrapping are among the early stages. Trans-speaking and writing by means of an entranced medium is a more advanced form. We have seen communications in writing received through a medium who wrote in an unconscious condition, and have before us at this time some of the spirit writing. Though it contains the communications of three distinct spirits who impart facts, dates, and answers to questions regarding themselves, it is worthy of note that they were unknown to the circle and imparted nothing novel or important to mortals.

We cannot enter here into details or arguments, but it may be remarked, regarding clairvoyant manifestations, that nothing, as far as our experience goes, is ever communicated beyond the mental capacity or knowledge of the medium. It would be startling if a medium could be found to write legibly and grammatically who had no previous knowledge of caligraphy or the rules of grammar; or if a sensible communication in good Greek could be got from one who was known to be ignorant of the language. The only physical manifestations we have witnessed have been the tilting of a table at the request of the circle, but this might be the result of involuntary muscular action. A very advanced stage of the phenomena is the power to see and describe spirits. An illustration of this we had at a seance where the medium, among other spirits, announced the presence of Thomas De Quincey, who was described as an old man about fifty with white hair, not tall, and with regular features. Hearing that such an august shade was present, we were naturally eager to know if Mr. De Quincey had aught to communicate to mortals, but, to our keen disappointment, were told that he was only looking on. Such manifestations are open to serious objection. If a man tells us he sees a spirit, it is totally impossible to prove that he does not; and if he chooses to conjure up spirits from his imagination, he can do so *ab libitum*. To our mind, the inferences to be deduced from such phenomena as we have witnessed do not suggest spiritual causes. Accepting the phenenomena as correct, which in all cases they undoubtedly are not, it appears to be begging the question to assume that they are born of the spirit. It may be that the spiritualists, in their search after the spirit, have, like the Alchemists who sought for gold, hit upon some new manifestation of force which may in time be reduced to laws, but they have not yet unveiled Isis. Upon her statue must yet be inscribed, "I am all that has been, that shall be, and none among mortals has hitherto taken off my veil."

MANCHESTER IN THE BOOK-WORLD.

MANCHESTER authors have been unusually well represented in the book-world during the present publishing season. Dr. R. Angus Smith has issued an admirable manual on *Disinfectants and Disinfection*, subjects upon which he is one of the first authorities (perhaps, the very first) of the day. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has added another to his series of historico-biographical works. In *Her Majesty's Tower* he discusses, among other things, the very interesting question whether Shakespere was a Puritan. Mr. R. W. Baddely, M.A., whose position in connection with our Grammar School almost entitles us to claim him as a Manchester author, has put forth *Cassandra, and Other Poems*. Mr. R. R. Bealey has published a third volume of verse, *Old Hall Rhymes*, which is, in many respects, an advance on his former efforts. A posthumous work of the late John Harland, *Gregson's Portfolio of Fragments relative to the History, etc., of the County of Lancaster*, corrected, enlarged, and improved by the most indefatigable of our local antiquarians, has just made its appearance. Finally, we are promised a collection of sketches (with letterpress, we presume) by Miss Georgiana Bowers, entitled *Hunting in the Shires*.

THE END.

A JOURNAL OF CRITICISM AND HUMOUR:

ART, LITERATURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, SOCIETY,

AND

CURRENT EVENTS.

JUNE 25th, 1868, to FEBRUARY, 27th, 1869.

MANCHESTER:
JOHN HEYWOOD, 141 AND 143, DEANSGATE.

[THE AUTHORS RESERVE THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCTION.]

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Lancashire, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., to 1s. 11d.
Welsh, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

200 Pieces 36-inch Longcloth		3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	5d.
70 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces Twill	ditto	6½d.

32-inch Longcloth in proportion.

CALICO DEPARTMENT—*Continued.*

50 Pieces Haircord Muslin		5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe		8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.

Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.

50 Pieces ⅞ Linen Lawns		8½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s. 11d. to 2s.
50 Pieces Nainsook		4½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	6½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 10d.
15 Pieces	ditto, various, to	3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers		4½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	7½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
Napkins ready for use		7s. 11d. to 21s. doz.
10 Dozen Towels		5½d.
10 Dozen	ditto	7½d.
10 Dozen	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers		1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

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Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d.
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50 Dozen	1s. 9d.	,,
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and so on to	9s.	,
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Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.

The proprietor finds that he must bring this advertisement to a close, there being enough in this wonderful stock to fill all the columns of a newspaper. Other particulars will be given during the progress of this sale.

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Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

200 Pieces 36-inch Longcloth		3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	3½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	5d.
70 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces Twill	ditto	6½d.

32-inch Longcloth in proportion.

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50 Pieces Haircord Muslin		5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe		8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.

Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.

50 Pieces ⅞ Linen Lawns		8½d.
50 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
20 Pieces	ditto	1s. 11d. to 2s.
50 Pieces Nainsook		4½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	6½d.
40 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
10 Pieces	ditto	1s. 10d.
15 Pieces	ditto, various, to	3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers		4½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	5½d.
10 Pieces	ditto	7½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	8½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	10½d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 4d.
Napkins ready for use		7s. 11d. to 21s. doz.
10 Dozen Towels		5½d.
10 Dozen ditto		7½d.
10 Dozen ditto		10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers		1s.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 3d.
5 Pieces	ditto	1s. 6d.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s.
5 Pieces	ditto	2s. 6d. to 3s. 9d.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Several Hundred Yards Real Thread Edge, 3d., 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., and 10½d.
Several Hundred Yards Lace, 4½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, Cluny, 7½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, price will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, at nominal prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

SEWED MUSLINS.

18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ..... 8½d.
50 Dozen Muslin Ties ..... 9½d.
A very large Assortment of Garibaldi Jackets from 1s. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
About 15 Dozens Muslin Chemisettes, nicely worked, 11½d. to 15s. Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen	11½d.	half-dozen.
50 Dozen	1s. 2½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 4½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 6½d.	,,
50 Dozen	1s. 9d.	,,
50 Dozen	2s.	,,
And so on to	9s.	,,

Ready hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. ,,
Hem stitched ..... 4½d. to 5s. each.
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.

The proprietor finds that he must bring this advertisement to a close, there being enough in this wonderful stock to fill all the columns of a newspaper. Other particulars will be given during the progress of this sale.

THE "MANCHESTER" LUNCHEON BAR (WINES FROM THE WOOD) 30, MARBLE STREET, 3rd DOOR FROM MOSLEY ST.
Large Dock Sample Glass Sherry and Sandwich, 4d. Superior Stout or Ale and Sandwich, 3d.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER. Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Co. Limited.
TO-NIGHT, and Every Evening, at Seven,
THE UNPRECEDENTEDLY SUCCESSFUL
CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,
GOODY TWO SHOES,
AND HER QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING;
OR,
HARLEQUIN KING COUNTERFEIT AND THE WORLD OF COINS.

GOODY TWO SHOES.—Immense Reception of the COLD WATER SCENE, by William Calcott.
"The most elaborate and magnificent 'set' ever seen on any stage."—*Vide* the Press.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.
This (Saturday) Evening, Boucicault's COLLEEN BAWN; or the Bride of Garryowen. Myles-na-Coppaleen, Mr. J. P. Weston; supported by Miss E. Beaufort, F. B. Egan, and New Company. And the Prize Pantomime, BOY BLUE.

POMONA PALACE.
OPEN EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, & SATURDAY.
Band at Six, Saturdays at Five.
Admission 6d.—No extra charge to the Palace.
The Palace can now be engaged for large parties, balls, meetings, &c.

ON VIEW THIS DAY.
Highly Attractive Sale of Works of Decorative Art; Porcelain, Antique Bronzes, Pictures, Furniture, in buhl and marqueterie, of Italian and Parisian manufacture, carved oak for the library and hall, Fashionable Modern Household Furniture, Turkey and Brussels Carpets, Costly Draperies, and other Valuable Property.

CAPES & DUNN have been instructed to SELL BY AUCTION, on Monday and Tuesday, March 1 and 2, 1869, at eleven o'clock each morning, at their Rooms, Clarence-street, a Large Assemblage of Splendid HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and ORNAMENTAL OBJECTS, removed from a distance for the better convenience of sale; embracing very handsome walnutwood suites for the drawing-room and boudoir, upholstered in rich figured silks, and expensive window draperies to correspond; beautiful inlaid occasional tables, cabinets, secretaires, six single and two armed chairs, richly carved and gilt, in the taste of Louis Seize, and covered in amber satin; capital mahogany and carved oak furniture for the dining-room, library, and hall; set of handsome mahogany chairs, upholstered in claret morocco; easy chairs, en suite; range of telescope-framed dining tables, console sideboard and sarcophagus, capital folding screen, dark oak carved bookcases, writing tables and chairs. The Decorative Property includes elegant tables, jardinieres, escritoires, and trinket cases of buhl and tortoishell, wall and recess cabinets, Venetian mirrors, girandoles, a splendid Louis Seize clock, on bracket of old black buhl; beautiful timepieces, with candelabra, en suite; splendid Early Florentine and French bronzes, rare specimens of Dresden, Chelsea, Capo di Monte, and other china, early Wedgwood ware, beautiful Sevres china dessert service, and cabinet cups and plates of the same; Worcester china services, cut glass; also a small collection of pictures by ancient and modern artists, and other valuable items.—May be viewed this day (Saturday) February 27, when catalogues can be had at the gallery.

SALFORD CARRIAGE WORKS,
GORE STREET, NEW BAILEY.
Carriages and Light Traps Repaired and Painted in first-class style and finish. Estimates given for new work or jobbing.

VELOCIPEDES on the most improved Principle will be introduced in a few days. Particulars at 24a, Church-street.

M. & A. COTTAM,
(LATE BOARDMAN),
44, KING-STREET,
Bridecake Makers to Her Majesty, dated 1840.
ALMOND AND PLAIN SIMNELS.
TURTLE SOUP, ICES, and FRUITS,
of Superior Quality.
WEDDING BREAKFASTS, BALL SUPPERS, AND LUNCHEONS SUPPLIED.
DAILY RESTAURANT.
The only depot for "Boardman's Horehound Drops," famed for more than 60 years.

MART'S, MART'S, MART'S,
LONDON ROAD TEA DEPOT.
STRONG USEFUL TEA, 2/2 per lb.
SPLENDID BREAKFAST CONGOU,
2/6 per lb.,
BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.
CHOICE MIXTURES OF TEAS,
2/8 per lb. 3/- per lb. 3/4 per lb.
ALL NEW SEASONS.
The last-named Mixtures are all strongly recommended, as they combine strength and body with richness of flavour.
N.B.—J. B. MART *offers the finest Teas at prices not to be met with at any other house in the trade. Packages of 6lbs. or more sent, Carriage Paid, to any part of England, on Receipt of* CASH.
OBSERVE THE ADDRESS:
J. B. MART,
110, BOROUGH BUILDINGS,
LONDON ROAD,
MANCHESTER.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES,
£3 3s. to £6 6s.
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1 10s. to £3 3s.
Gold Lever ditto .....£7 10s. to £21 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto ..£3 3s. to £7 7s.
Every watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY,
Of every description, and in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD & ALBERT CHAINS,
In great Variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES, Highest Honours, Elastic Stitch.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES. The most complete. Lock Stitch.
67, Oldham-street Agent—J. HODGSON.

CONSTANTINE'S TURKISH BATHS
for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S RUSSIAN BATHS
for Rheumatism and Colds.
CONSTANTINE'S VAPOUR BATHS
for Rheumatism and Colds.
23, OXFORD STREET, ST. PETER'S.

JONES'S TIC-DOLOREUX PILLS,
Invaluable for the relief and cure of Neuralgia, Sciatica, Toothache, Ague, Erysipelas, Consumption, Nervous Disorders, &c. Sold in boxes at 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. Post free for 9, 15, and 36 stamps.
SOLE PROPRIETOR:
JAMES JONES,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
149, CHAPEL-STREET, SALFORD.
AGENTS:—Woolley, 69, Market-street, Manchester.
J. Hamer, Chemist, opposite the Church, Pendleton.
J. Whitehead, Tamworth-street, Hulme.
T. Morris, Farnworth; and others.

THE TURKISH BATH, Broughton-lane has been completely renovated. Is now RE-OPENED under the personal superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Potter.

BILLIARDS.—REGENT HOTEL, REGENT ROAD, SALFORD.—Billiards, Pool, and Pyramids; Two Tables.—Refreshments of the best quality. Chops, Steaks, &c.

THE ENGLISH ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Chief Offices, Palmerston Buildings, London.
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BRIDGEWATER CLUB CHAMBERS, KING STREET.
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Rates of Premium and Conditions.—The rates will be found fully as moderate as those charged by other first-class companies. The English is not bound by the restrictions of the combined offices.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Moderate Premiums. Fixed and liberal surrender values of not less than 35 per cent.—A few Agencies vacant.—Apply to
WM. WHITTENBURY, Resident Secretary, Manchester.

CLAYTON'S CREAMADORO is the only reliable preparation for restoring grey hair to its original colour and effectually curing baldness. In addition to numerous testimonials from medical men in all parts of the kingdom, Dr. Muspratt, of the College of Chemistry, has kindly forwarded the following:—"I have carefully analised Clayton's Creamadoro for restoring the human hair. Its stimulating and cleansing properties are excellent.
SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, M.D., F.R.S., &c.'
Agents;—London, Butler and Crisp; Edinburgh, Liverpool, York, Raimes and Co.; Manchester, Woolley, Market-street, and John Heywood, Deansgate, and all respectable chemists and stationers, and may be had from the Laboratory, 68, Rosamond-street, East, Manchester, in cases, on receipt of 3s. in stamps.

H. R. FORREST, Antiquarian.—Old Books, Prints, Curiosities, &c.,
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.
A large Collection of Shaksperian Illustrations, &c., &c., on Sale.
17A, CARLTON BUILDINGS, COOPER STREET.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
USE PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS. They are excellent for children from three months to twelve years, for fits, convulsions, restlessness, and irritation in cutting their teeth. Sold by all Chemists. Free 15 stamps.

THOMAS CAVANAH, late Practical Foreman to Kendal, Milne, & Co., Upholsterer, Cabinet Maker, General Furnisher, Iron Bedstead and Bedding Warehouse, 81, Oxford-street, Manchester.

SUCCESSFULLY RE-OPENED,
NO. 6, ST. MARY'S-GATE,
(Late Nowell's.)
BEST RESTAURANT IN ENGLAND.
Breakfasts, from 5 a.m.; Dinners, from 12 to 3 p.m.
Tea, Coffee, Chops, Steaks, &c.
Soups and Cold Collation throughout the day.
Wines, Spirits, Ale, and Stout of the best quality.
Quick service.
PRICES:
Sandwiches, from 1d. to 4d.
Sausage and Mashed Potatoes (from 10 till 12) & Glass of Beer, 6d.
Pastry, 3d.
Soups, 6d.
Fish, 9d. and 1s.
Joints, 9d. and 1s.
Celery and Cheese, 3d.
Salad and Cheese, 3d.
Tea, Chops, or Cold Meats, and Bread and Butter or Toast, 11d.
Plain Tea, 5d.
Dinner Chops or Steaks, with Vegetables and Bread (in four minutes), 1s.
Small ditto, 9d.

D. ALONZO MORRIS AND BROWN,
AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS,
13, SOUTH KING STREET,
MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER.—Printed & Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of 141 and 143, Deansgate, in the parish of Manchester, and of Derbyshire Lane, in the parish of Stretford. Saturday, Feb. 27, 1869.

NOT GOODY TWO SHOES, (167, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.) BUT TWO GOOD BOOTS.
I MUST NOT FORGET 167—ALL THEIR OWN MAKE—TRADE SUPPLIED.

EDWARD SWINCHATT, BRISTOL INN, BRISTOL STREET, HULME.
DINE AT NUMBER 6, ST. MARY'S GATE, MANCHESTER.

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